

JANUARY 1938

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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868. AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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January, 1938

No. 1

The New Year

TO all our readers we send the greetings
that that early French poet, Francois
Villon, once sent to a friend:

Good year, good week, good day!
Health, joy and honor with you stay.
From Better's door to Best pass through,
And joy in love may God give you.

* * *

Live long without age touching you,
Good year! good week! good day!

* * *

California humane interests lost, November 10, a great friend and enthusiastic fellow worker in the death of Mr. Hugh J. Baldwin, of San Diego. He had served as president of the California Humane Association, the San Diego Humane Society, and had also been superintendent of schools for San Diego County.

* * *

The speed of birds—which holds the record? According to the Department of Agriculture's circular, the duck hawk goes under the wire first from two recorded observations 175+ and 165 to 180 miles per hour. He who sang once, "Oh, for the wings of a dove," might have chosen the duck hawk had he known of him.

* * *

From many states of the Union we are receiving letters protesting the annual killing of deer. The figures of the number killed run into thousands in most if not all of these states. We know the argument is that the deer multiply so rapidly and do so much damage to the farmers and fruit-growers that they must be greatly reduced in number. We can't help wondering how large a part the hunters play in creating the public opinion that justifies the destruction of these wild and beautiful creatures.

Einstein on Sport and War

THIS distinguished scientist gladly responded to a request from Mr. Bertram Lloyd to express his opinion upon these two subjects. The *Animal's Friend* presents his reply.

The Institute for Advanced Study
School of Mathematics
Fine Hall, Princeton
New Jersey

21st August, 1937

DEAR SIR,—I am whole-heartedly in agreement with the views expressed in the pamphlet *Two Similar Pastimes: Sport and War* (by Henry S. Salt.) These views, indeed, seem to me to be essential to any truly humane outlook on life. Nature has implanted a love of slaughter in predatory animals; and from those animals we ourselves are no doubt descended. Nevertheless, this instinct seems to become extinguished in man when he has lived for thousands of years under civilized conditions. Only thus can I explain my strong and very definite abhorrence of blood-sports, while at the same time I see that they produce the very opposite reaction in the minds of so many of my fellow men—who, however, usually only look back upon a very much briefer period of their ancestors' civilization.

This deep-seated difference, I am well aware, is nothing less than tragic for people of my way of thinking. It obviously includes not only our attitude to the animal world, but also the whole question of man's humanity to his fellows—as is indeed so truly and trenchantly pointed out by the writer of the essay.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. EINSTEIN

Bertram Lloyd, Esq.,
National Society for Abolition of Cruel Sports, 4, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Animals

A FEW sentences from an address delivered by the Archbishop at Kings College, London, last October:

The animal world is one which shares with man all the mystery of life, all that mystery of pain which nature imposes; it shares also the joys, sometimes even the rapture, which nature permits. The animal world is also near to man in intelligence. We have hardly any conception of what these living creatures feel and think. Over this world man has dominion, but that very fact imposes on man an immense responsibility which can only be fulfilled when it is remembered that man is not to be so much lord over the animal world as a trustee for its good. In that respect people need more education in the nursery school and through every stage of life.

John Wesley and the Horse

In the spring issue of *The Horse*, published at 66 Sloan Street, London, S. W. 1, *Animal Life* tells us there is a very interesting article on the great evangelist and his love for, and common-sense knowledge of, the horse. As is commonly known, this great preacher, who lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century, rode on horseback on most of his tours in England. Between 1738 and 1790 Wesley rode on horseback more than a quarter of a million miles. Remembering what he owed to the faithful horse, among the thousands of sermons he wrote was one on the horse. He promised animals their fair share of the general deliverance and prophesied that at the last day they would enjoy a state of exalted happiness. A fine equestrian bronze statue of the leader of the Evangelical movement is in the center of the city of Bristol.

Thomas the Trapper

CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

*Thomas the Trapper was cold of gaze,
And his glance was like the steel
Of the cruel traps, mid woodland ways,
Which he set with cunning zeal.
Thomas the Trapper was cold of heart,
And he recked not of the pain
He inflicted in the hateful art
Thus practised for golden gain.*

*But retribution came at last!
One night, on the trapping line,
The fearful jaws of steel snapped fast
On Thomas's foot. Supine
And helpless he lay. And all in vain
Were his strivings to wrench free.
So, blue with the cold, and mad with pain,
He struggled—but hopelessly.*

*If it hadn't been for a roaming tramp
Who passed near the break of day,
He'd never got free from that frightful
clasp
Which held him in cruel way.
Now, Thomas the Trapper has changed his
trade;
And he traps no beast or bird;
For what he suffered that night in the
glade
With mercy his hard heart stirred.*

Early Teachings in Kindness

L. E. EUBANKS

RIGHT along with our efforts to make humane education a part of school courses there persists a belief that children, especially boys, have a natural right to persecute certain creatures. Mrs. Blank, when her ten-year-old son threw a stone at a bird, said: "Oh, he's only a boy, and all kids do such things."

A stone-throwing boy is being poorly educated—regardless of how brilliantly progressive he may be in his studies. For training in the principles of kindness is fundamental in true education.

Were birds created for targets just because their flight offers an interesting challenge to marksmen; and can the countless abuses of cats be justified by the familiar, "Oh, it's just a cat"? Usually parents are to blame when a boy is cruel to dumb creatures. There are many opportunities in every household for its older members to teach and to illustrate to the younger ones the principles of humane and fair relations with animals.

Too often, perhaps, the parents themselves have given the subject too little thought. That is surely the case when a young son is allowed to abuse all the cats and dogs in the neighborhood and is yet congratulated on a "sweet disposition" because he fondles his own pet.

To any thoughtful observer, such a child is merely selfish and knows nothing of real kindness. He should be taught that discomfort, pain, suffering are the same wherever found, and that all living creatures are susceptible to pain, in varying degrees.

Love, sympathy, consideration—arouse these and the child's interest in animal welfare will not remain selfishly confined to

New Modern Bear Pits in Pittsburg Zoo



ONE OF THE NEW BEAR PITS AT HIGHLAND PARK ZOO, PITTSBURGH, REPLACING THE FORMER JAIL-LIKE CAGES WHICH WERE INSANITARY AND OVERCROWDED

FOR years the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society has sought to improve conditions at the Pittsburgh Highland Park Zoo. Hopelessly ill animals were destroyed after strong protest, but conditions responsible for such illness very generally remained. There was lack of open space, air and sunshine, yet the keeper in charge provided the sanitary precautions and comforts within his means.

Citizens became interested in better care of the animals and joined with the Humane Society both in protest and in publicity, which shamed the authorities into recognizing that something should be done. A group of able men organized the Pittsburgh Zoological Society to analyze, study and plan the development of more hopeful projects.

his own pets. Teach, as fundamental, that all animals feel pain; secondly, that none of God's creatures was given to man for abusive purposes; thirdly, that the finest, noblest use of strength is in the protection of the weak and unfortunate.

In my talks to young people I have always found a response on the point of helplessness. Calling the child's consideration to how little he could do in a misfortune if he could not talk and tell about it, never fails to elicit sympathy for the *dumb* thing who may be in keenest agony and unable to make its needs known.

Whether your son throws stones at birds or feeds them depends mostly on you—and in that difference, as he grows older, may lie other qualities of character that will make or mar the boy's life.

Bears kept in small cages were first considered. After five years the first project was completed with construction of four fine bear pits, one of which is shown in the picture. The cages formerly used were merely the small outlets provided for lions and tigers to get a bit of air and sunshine. In order to accommodate bears, the passage way was blocked, resulting in rickets for lions and tigers on the inside, and jail-like confinement for the bears on the outside. Today Pittsburgh is proud of having moved forward with the better ranking cities toward the ideal that if animals are to be confined, they should at least be kept reasonably comfortable. Other projects are under way toward as hopeful a goal as the modern zoo permits.

An Unaccepted Offer

Miss Naomi Jacobs, an English lady, has made the following offer which has never been accepted:

I will give £100 to any animal trainer who will allow me to bring a dog to him, untrained. He is to train this dog, get it ready for the ring or the theater; I am to be present at all lessons, and I am never to leave that dog for a moment day or night. . . . If at the end of these lessons there has been no sign or trace of cruelty, I will hand over £100 and write an apology to the trainer for having doubted his kindness and integrity.

Join the Jack London Club. Write to "Our Dumb Animals," Boston.

Respite

LOUISE DARCY

*Now the brown deer may rest
In peace, nor leap for cover
When men with crackling guns
Beat every thicket over.*

*Now till another year
Proud antlered buck and doe
May tread the forest lanes
In safety as they go.*

Protected Birds of Prey

HATTIE BRIGHAM LOOKER

IN beautiful Penobscot Bay off the coast of Deer Isle, Maine, lies a jagged rock sticking several feet above the water. Upon this rock rests what appears to be from the shore, a large upturned wicker basket. However, it is not a basket; only a fish hawk's nest, which has withstood storms and winter gales for over twenty years. Each summer, a pair of hawks resembling young eagles, raise a family in it, then send their young out into the world to test their skill at catching fish. The islanders have guarded and protected this particular nest of fierce looking birds with infinite care; so much so that their coming is considered the event of the spring. "The hawks arrived to-day!" was the message which came to me by airmail, last spring. "No doubt," thought I, "If their names were allowed in the birds' social register, they would head the list!" And so this story of tenderness and kindness to them upon one occasion did not surprise me in the least.

It seems that one summer, before the baby birds were old enough to fly, a boatful of strangers passed through the cove. Upon spying the nest, they thought what a lark it would be to steal the young birds. So they snatched them, hid them in a knapsack in their boat, then sped away. But one of the islanders had been watching from the shore. He quickly rushed to his house, shouldered his rifle, and jumped into his dingey. With all his might, on a rough sea, against a strong tide, he rowed out to his motor-boat some distance from the shore. In it, he overtook the strangers. With gun leveled at them, he shouted, "STOP! Ye think ye're smart stealing young birds! We've got laws! Turn 'round at once! Put them birds back where ye found 'em!" In great astonishment, the "kidnapers" did turn back, and restored the birds to their nest, while the poor distraught mother fish hawk flew overhead in frantic excitement.

And somehow, it's sort of restful to think of that lovely island where even birds of prey are protected by people whose devotion to wild life is second perhaps only to that which a good mother keeps just for her first-born.

A spider finding himself adrift on a chip sends out a filament into the air and when it attaches to something solid across the water, pulls himself ashore.

Beavers, their pond surrounded by a forest fire, have been seen piling wet mud on their homes to prevent their taking fire.

Trailways for Sheep in Arizona

BEATRICE WARREN



PAINTED rocks mark the winding trailways for sheep through the Arizona mountains as flocks move southward to avoid snows.

The United States forest service is doing its bit to brighten up some of the state's rocky face. It is painting stones about one-quarter mile apart on each side of 507 miles of sheep trailways—surely a canvas of sufficient magnitude to meet the requirements of the most fastidious artist. Great spots of glistening white, four to six feet in diameter, chart a course for the flocks as they plod their way northward in the spring or retreat before the first frosts of the fall.

Few of Arizona's citizens ever heard of, or saw, these markers, for they are far from man-made highways and hidden in country so rugged that man never will covet the land for roadmaking. The trailways came within definite boundaries with the establishment of the forest service in 1900. The markers were painted to guide the herder who was unfamiliar with the terrain and to remind him to keep his flocks within the grazing limits of the whitened boulders. The paint is a special mixture of glue, salt and lime, which under Arizona climatic conditions "stays put" for two years under ordinary circumstances. If the herder is caught grazing his flock beyond the boundaries of the trailway, he may be fined by the forest ranger, but this rarely occurs.

Foresters are working constantly with the sheep men in developing water supplies and improving the range along the trailways—there are thirteen of them—for the benefit of both parties. To the layman these routes, when they are pointed out on a state map, appear to wander nowhere in particular, although tending to run north and south. As a matter of fact they are the very best passage for animals that could be found by the sturdy Basque herders who came here from Spain to carry on the business in the manner their ancestors

carried it on in the Pyrenees mountains for generations. The trailways tap the desert foothills surrounding the Salt River Valley, where the majority of the sheep are wintered. Most of them are one mile wide, although the great Black Canyon arterial trailway is five to six miles in width over much of its route. When spring approaches the flock owner notifies the forest service of the trailway over which he plans to move his sheep from winter to summer feeding-grounds. He then is given a time to start over the route and the time he must be off it to make room for flocks behind. Thus each flock is moved along on a schedule as definite as that of a railroad.

In addition to the 507 miles of trailways in the federal forests, there are 358 miles of the routes on state and private lands or public domain. Two men, three burros and a dog or two handle the bands, 1,000 sheep to the flock. Northward-bound they average two and three miles per day, because of the lambs that were dropped in the winter. They return more rapidly in the fall when the lambs have grown up.

The sheep rivals the camel in its ability to go without water. On the Grief Hill driveway there is one sixteen-mile stretch without a drop of moisture available. That means the flocks must go from six to eight days without a drink.

As for the herders, they are out of sight and touch with the world for weeks, while on their semi-annual trek.

Down valley, up mountain sides, around box canyons, through broken terrain that practically no other animal would find sufficient forage on which to subsist, the patient flocks and their keepers wend their ways. At night they bed down under the stars with the howl of coyotes as warning that all is not peaceful under the Arizona sky. The flocks retrace their steps, following the white spots that chart their course so unobtrusively that only the forest rangers and the coyotes mark their passing. More than 500,000 sheep make this journey.

Aristocracy

And the Common People

Said Mrs. Fluff, well garbed in silk,
Well kept, well housed, and fed on milk.
"Who's that strange cat across the street?
Now, really, did we ever meet?"

"My dear, your eyesight must be poor;
That short-haired cat before the door
Is Mrs. Meow; she's not our style,"
Said Mrs. Puff, with catlike smile.

"I fear she's rather underbred,
And common cats I really dread.
She hobnobs with the butcher man
And lunches from the old scrap can."

"Dear me, of course, we needn't call,
She's really not OUR kind at all.
It's not her fault, my dear, you see,
She hasn't any P-E-D-I-G-R-E-E."

Just then a mouse, a tiny thing,
Across the pavement made a spring.
Plain Mrs. Meow and Mrs. Fluff
And, sad to say it, Mrs. Puff

All made a rush, and such a blur
Of cats and claws and mouse and fur;
Which goes to prove that some fine day
We find we're all of common clay.

Kittens at the Laundry

KITTENS with a tendency to roam form one of the great hazards of the laundry business, according to G. Rayner, assistant to F. Hilliard Young, executive secretary of the Laundryowners Bureau of Boston.

Mr. Rayner says that commercial laundries spend an immense amount of time in restoring the wandering pussies to their distracted families.

Scarcely a day goes by without one or more kittens crawling into a bag of soiled clothes and being transported to one of the commercial laundries in Boston. The pets are always sleeping soundly when discovered and seem to resent being sent home. Recently a woman called her laundry and asked to have the driver who had picked up her washing four hours before, examine it for a pair of white Persian kittens that were missing. The owner of the laundry and Mr. Rayner found the bundle and looked through it. Sure enough the fluffy pair were found sleeping soundly under two pairs of sheets.

Ban Toys Suggesting War

Fond parents who wished to give their children tin soldiers, machine guns, and swords this last Christmas had to buy them some other place than Arnold Constable and Company.

The department store announced before Christmas that it would neither sell nor display "toys and games suggestive of war."

The action, said the announcement, was inspired by recent statements of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Boston.

Emily Bronte's Love of Pets

AMELIA WOFFORD

THE Brontes loved pets. Emily, the "slinky lass" of the sisters, loved them most. It was said had she had her way, she would have "peopled" the little, lonely gray stone parsonage on the wind-swept hill with pets. And it was she, who, irrespective of ownership, looked after the welfare of the few it sheltered.

At one time it housed the big, grim, tawny-coated "Keeper," half mastiff and half bulldog, Emily's particular pet; silky-haired, black-and-white "Flossy," Anne's spaniel; black "Tom," the cat, a household favorite, converted by kind treatment into an image of docility and contentment; a tame hawk, "Hero"; a wild goose; and a canary.

A friend of Charlotte's, who came to visit them, won the shy Emily's heart by showing no fear at Keeper's lion-like leaps and roars of welcome.

When the little cat died the whole family grieved. But it was Emily Charlotte individualized in her account of it to her friend, Ellen Nussey: "Emily is sorry."

Emily's love of animals and birds was not limited to the home pets. She loved, too, the wild things of the moors over which she delighted to stride, whistling to the dogs which always accompanied her, the linnets, larks, cuckoos, finches, plovers and the shy hares.

Often she returned with a baby bird or baby rabbit in her hands, talking softly to it.

"Ee, Miss Emily, one would think the bird could understand you," a maid said to her on one of these occasions.

"I am sure it can," Emily answered. "Oh, I am sure it can."

When she and her sisters visited the Waterfall, a lovely oasis in the monotonous stretch of heather, she would sit by a spring and play with the tadpoles; singling out the strong, the weak, the bold, the timid, for little moralizing talks.

Her last active duty of her short life—she died at twenty-eight—was to feed the dogs though so weak she staggered and the hands that held the bowl of food trembled.

Keeper never forgot his kind mistress. Every night of the three years that he survived her he would lie before her bedroom door, his old sleeping-place, and every morning he would snuff under the door and whine.

A Riverman's Avocation

JOHN FEEN

NEAR the mouth of White river not far from Crane, Missouri, lives a man, retired and reticent in his ways, whom the outside world little knows nor cares much about. But in the Ozark foothills, Charlie Beard is not unknown and not without friends. The grown folk respect and admire him, while the children for miles around shout with glee when "Uncle Charlie" happens their way. It can be truthfully said that the genial man of the river is the most prominent man in the Ozarks, and he has indeed earned that distinction.



WAITING FOR HIS MASTER'S VOICE

Uncle Charlie dropped into Christian county during the first hectic year of the depression. At that time the county tax collector was rounding up all unlicensed dogs in the district. Times were hard and dollars were few and as dog licenses could not be paid for, the wire enclosure maintained by the county pound was being crowded with all breeds of dogs who would never again know the joys of childish companionship. The young dog-owners were broken-hearted but they could do nothing about the matter; that is, not until Uncle Charlie put in his appearance.

While purchasing supplies in town one day, the lone man of the forest heard of the sad plight of the imprisoned dogs. Laying aside all else, he hurried to the pound and saw a number of despondent faces pressing themselves against the enclosure. Uncle Charlie's heart melted and his hand dug deep in his pocket. Soon every dog was licensed and restored to its owner. Uncle Charlie forgot the incident but the children did not, for the next day almost every youngster who owned a dog called at the tiny cabin near the river. Then and there a great friendship was formed—it was something more than a friendship—something closer and deeper, a relationship that can exist only between a kind-hearted man and a child and his dog.

Today, if the course of your travel should take you by Uncle Charlie's cabin you would be greeted by the bark of countless dogs. They are all patients of Uncle Charlie's. Soon, however, when they are well and their licenses paid, they will be returned to their youthful masters. If necessary, the huge fist of Uncle Charlie will dig deep again to keep them from the pound.

Why he practices this philanthropic avocation no one knows. You or I might say that the riverman is mentally peculiar. But if sympathy for the feelings of children and kindness towards dumb animals are traits of eccentricity then it's a pity that many other people are not of such a whimsical disposition.

Customer—Has this dog a good pedigree?
Salesman—Man, if he could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us.



MEDITATION

New Year's Resolutions

For Dog Owners

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

I will try to treat my dog with as much consideration as I would wish to be shown if I were in his place.

I will not keep my dog cooped up in an apartment, cellar or garage all day, while I am absent at business, and then limit him to a grudging five-minute walk in the evening—at the end of a leash.

I will not go off to an afternoon or evening of bridge or a day of shopping and forget to leave food and drink where my dog can have easy access to it.

I will not entrust my pet to the mercies of strange servants, without first finding out if they are qualified to give proper care to a dog; also if they have humane instincts.

I will not make my dog walk across the room on its hind legs or perform other senseless tricks for the amusement of friends.

I will never make my dog romp and play to the point of exhaustion.

I will not show amusement at some canine prank one day . . . and then punish my dog the next day for doing the same thing, simply because I am feeling ill-humored myself.

I will try to give my dog an adequate space to run and play and grow in, at all seasons.

I will not permit my dog to go foot-loose for hours about the city streets, to court death under the wheels of some swiftly moving vehicle.

In all my associations with my dog, I will try to see in him a fellow-creature whom God made and loves.

Dr. A. A. Brill, noted psychologist, says that dogs are the best pets of all. Human beings, he said, do not obtain sufficient emotional outlets in their relations with each other, and this holds true especially with children. Adults, he said, are too logical for children and, therefore, pets provide a necessary "emotional transfer" for youngsters.

Old Jack

CONSTANCE JONES

*Old Jack and I trudge on alone,
Gone are our friends of yester-year.
But I shall always be content
As long as I can keep him near.*

*He cannot hear as once he could,
My eyes aren't what they used to be.
He only has to lick my hand,
To let me know he's guarding me.*

*The summer of our life is past,
We would not wish to travel back.
I'll gladly face the setting sun,
As long as I have dear old Jack.*

Frank B. Rutherford

Another prominent humanitarian passed from our midst with the death of Frank B. Rutherford, operative manager of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., in Philadelphia, December 9, last. As the administrative head of one of the oldest and largest societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the country, Mr. Rutherford was widely known and greatly esteemed. He had been with the Pennsylvania society for more than forty years. He helped to organize the Federated Humane Societies of Pennsylvania and had served as its president. As a director in the American Humane Association his advice was eagerly sought and highly valued in councils concerning national anti-cruelty problems.

Outstanding as he was as a humane leader, Mr. Rutherford will be especially remembered because of his pleasing and frank personality. He was very popular among the delegates at national and other conventions, where to meet and talk with him often meant more than to listen to the conventional papers at the sessions. His utter frankness endeared him to a host of friends, who realized that here was a man who spoke his heart freely and never dissimulated. To his immediate colleagues and especially to Mrs. Rutherford, we join with the humane workers of the country in expressing sincerest sympathy in their irreparable loss.

Moths usually fly at night, while butterflies fly during the daylight hours.



WATCHING AND WAITING

"Pat"

GERTRUDE S. PEASE

SOME would say, "He's only a dog." Yes, that's true, but he has brown eyes that look with love and trust at his mistress and spell defiance at any one who might seek to do her harm.

He takes charge of her home all day while she is away at work and welcomes her at night with ears erect, and wagging, bushy tail. "Pat" loves his home and gives his mistress a feeling of security while she sleeps through the long dark night.

Pat is a house dog who has never ventured far away. One evening, as he walked along the street within a block from home, an auto back-fired several times and filled his head so full of pain that his one and only impulse was to get as far as possible from that terrible noise. He ran at top speed into an unknown world and must have lost his way back.

His mistress walked the streets of the neighborhood calling his name until she could walk no more. She put an ad in the paper. The night brought loneliness and tears. She went to the dog pound the next day and then to the Anti-Cruelty Society and to Dorothy Eagles' Northwest Animal Shelter, but no news. Still she sought and hoped.

Forty-eight hours after the back-fire, a well-dressed woman strolling along with her "Scotty" noticed a crowd gathered on the river bank near the truck of the Anti-Cruelty Society. She approached and saw a well-kept dog lying unconscious at the foot of the high embankment right at the water's edge. She heard the driver of the truck say, "He can't live more than a few hours; he's cold and stunned and he's given up hope."

The kind, little woman knew that the dog must be somebody's pet. She knew how terribly she would feel if her Scotty were cold and sick and hungry and longing for his home and mistress. She begged for the dog. They let her have it. Then she called her husband from his work to take the dog to a veterinary where she left it over night after having paid for its care. She found the ad in the paper and called the dog's mistress. Imagine Pat's joy the next morning when his mistress appeared. That was a happy reunion.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1938

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Slaughter of the Innocents

THE open season on deer in our New England states makes possible a yearly record of destruction of wild life that must awaken feelings of concern and pity in the hearts of the vast majority of those who learn the story. And what is true in New England is true largely in other states of the Union where deer are to be found.

The following two letters sent to the press and given a fairly wide circulation we quote. The first is from the President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the second from former Governor Percival P. Baxter of Maine.

Affronting the Public

A part, if not all, of the public has recently been affronted. An automobile came off a steamship liner at one of our piers a few days ago to which was bound, with ropes of various sizes, a moose, three deer, 14 ducks, and 35 woodcocks. This car, owned by a celebrated ball player, on its way through Boston to its destination in New York, loaded with the dead bodies of the wilds of New Brunswick, was something of which its owner was probably proud, and we can well imagine led him to believe that the public would think him worthy its congratulation and its esteem. But hundreds of the people who saw those pitiful victims of the killer's gun, dead and strapped to his speeding car, felt that it was a public affront to the finer feelings of every humane man or woman who saw them. Year by year the slaughter of our wild life goes on and doubtless will go on for many a year to come.

We say nothing here against the man who hunts for his living, who will not shoot unless he believes he can kill, and whose daily bread depends, in part at least, upon his shotgun or his rifle. But the man who kills for nothing but sport and like some triumphant charioteer parades through the streets of our cities and along the highways, with the trophies of his victory over helpless and defenseless animals fastened to his car—against that sort of hunting we believe the vast majority of men and women loving fair play and a just regard for animal life are ready to express their indignation. Alas, that the pictures of such

men and their victims should find a place in any issue of the press!

70 Miles of Deer

Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*:

At this season of the year hundreds of dead deer are paraded along the highways of our state tied to the fenders and trunk racks of automobiles. This is a pitiful and disgusting spectacle, and no real lover of wild life can view it without resentment.

Each person must decide by his own conscience whether he or she wishes to slaughter these innocent and lovely creatures, but certainly I cannot call any one a sportsman who kills the gentle does and the timid little fawns. Of the latter I have seen more than a hundred this autumn draped over automobile fenders, many of them not weighing over 40 or 50 pounds; and they call that sport!

Maine people were shocked to read that on the first day of the open season 84 deer were slain in the small town of Standish alone. These deer had become about as tame as domestic animals. To drive them out of the game preserve and kill them with high-powered rifles is about as much "sport" as hiding behind a fence and shooting a neighbor's cow.

The number of deer killed in Maine last year and reported to our game authorities was approximately 24,000, and for every deer reported it is estimated another was killed unlawfully or was wounded by gunfire only to escape and die alone in the thickets.

To visualize the terrible slaughter now going on in Maine: If these harmless creatures were to march past a given point in single file, allowing 10 feet to each deer, the line would extend a distance of 70 miles.

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER

Portland

Those Remarkable Sparrows

Our readers will recall the story, told in our magazine, of the three sparrows that followed Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Holton from Kansas City, Mo., to China. In spite of absolutely trustworthy testimony from eye-witnesses, some have doubted it. A new witness has just sent us the following:

"I have been on the U. S. S. Blackhawk for eight years and never saw any sparrow on the ship till Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Holton came aboard. I had heard of these birds but thought it a joke. They are now in Chefoo with us and as late as this morning I saw "Beep Senior" aboard the ship. In July our ship went on a visit to Chingwangtao, about 150 miles. The birds went with us. I have seen these birds light on the same place aboard this ship every morning for the last five months.

Yours sincerely,

E. L. FOWLER, FLC."

November last King George VI opened the new buildings of the Royal Veterinary College at Camden Town. Toward the funds with which the new buildings have been constructed the Government made a grant of \$750,000. Sir Frederick Hobday is succeeded as principal by J. B. Buxton, M.R.C.V.S.

Once More the Dogs That Talk

IN the November issue we told the story of "Kurwenal," the famous talking dog of Weimar, owned by Baroness von Freitag-Loringhoven. It seemed incredible. The fact is that this dog, alas, having recently died, talked by barks and tapping with its paws and not by any imitation of human speech. This is true of all those so-called talking dogs of which there have been and still are many, especially in Germany. For example, the dog is taught to associate letters with numbers

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
e n a i d r t s u l

and up to 21. Every ten is expressed by a tap of the paw, every unit by a bark. "Yes" is expressed by one, "No" by two barks. Professor Dr. Max Mueller (of Munich), who writes of these dogs tells of one called "Besse" and says, "Words are spelled phonetically and accordingly she spells my name as Maks Miler. She can read both Arabic figures and Roman script."

There is no question of the remarkable things some of these dogs are taught to do. Both the Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lind-af-Hageby, whom we have met, testify to the truthfulness of the stories, having been present at some of the interviews with these "talking" dogs. Regarding the dog we spoke of in our November issue, Kurwenal, a letter to Germany brought the following reply from the Baroness:

Weimar, Marienstrasse 18
October 14th, 1937

Pardon the delay in my answer but the world and we personally have had to mourn the loss of our wonderful terrier, Kuno von Schwertberg, called "Kurwenal."

For 33 years there were 83 dogs and horses taught like children by 52 masters (only in a much shorter time), headed by the highly intelligent Kurwenal.

There is involved here the question of the language invented by Mr. von Oster in 1904 for communications on the part of animals, and not the language of sounds. The alphabet is divided into numbers which are acknowledged by barking or tapping with the paws. That is how the so-called number-language of the animals was invented or created, which is perfectly understandable and exists beyond a doubt, as has been definitely confirmed by science. There are, of course, many persons who entertain a different opinion, but they talk as a blind man would talk about colors. None of these opponents has made a personal study of the animals. All those who have ever done so immediately or gradually become convinced that there is involved here a discovery which has been carried on in many countries but brought to perfection in Germany.

If the gentleman should desire to know more about this, I would ask him to consult me.

Kindest regards! Heil Hitler!

BARONESS VON FREITAG-LORINGHOVEN

I do not regret having braved public opinion, when I knew it was wrong and was sure it would be merciless.

HORACE GREELEY



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	16,260
Cases investigated	536
Animals examined	4,676
Animals placed in homes	189
Lost animals restored to owners..	70
Number of prosecutions	5
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	7
Horses humanely put to sleep....	83
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,062

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	66,717
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	32

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Charles H. Sinclair of Beverly.

December 14, 1937.

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and Dispensary for Animals

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Veterinarians

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HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	872	Cases	2,537
Dogs	674	Dogs	2,105
Cats	193	Cats	383
Birds	3	Birds	36
Horses	2	Horses	5
		Goats	3
		Rabbits	2
		Turtles	2
		Squirrel	1
Operations	807		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915		155,647	
Dispensary cases		383,119	
Total		538,766	

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	140
Cases entered in Dispensary	518
Operations	160

They Lie Side by Side

A PET robin, widely known as "Peep," died recently at his home, "The Snuff Box," Hampton Falls, N. H. He had passed his fifteenth birthday and, since the day when he had fallen from his nest and broken one wing, he had lived in the family of Mrs. Ethel F. Verrill.

Though Peep never learned to fly to any extent, he was as sprightly and happy as a founding robin could be. He sang in his earlier years like any other robin born and reared under natural conditions. It is said that he had grown to be an ardent radio fan and showed his preference for violin music by accompanying the instrument—which was perhaps only natural.

Peep first became famous, it appears, through his unusual friendship with the Verrills' cat. Out of his cage much of the time, the robin would play hide-and-seek with the cat and his mistress. Frequently the cat washed the robin as if it were a kitten, without any objection from the bird. Finally the two creatures became so attached that the robin often took a nap on the cat's back. The cat's death parted the friends some years ago, but Peep was buried beside his chum and play-fellow, at "Hillside Acre," which is the Animal Cemetery, at Methuen, of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Another Word for the Crow

GRATELY exaggerated things have been written about the crow as responsible for an insufficient number of waterfowl for the hunter to shoot. According to these reports, the crow destroys so many nests of the waterfowl, eating the eggs and sometimes the young, that our waterfowl may be quite exterminated in time. Now here is the result of a study made of the situation by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, published last year:

Although the findings of this study are sufficiently disturbing to merit attention in programs of waterfowl restoration where crows are numerous, unwarranted conclusions and ill-advised action should be carefully guarded against. On the areas studied the crow was probably at its worst. Its normal role as predator on the eggs of waterfowl throughout Canada and the northern United States is yet to be determined, but the indications point to its being less severe than these studies have revealed. In any event, it is to be remembered that the range of the crow in destructive numbers now covers only a part (possibly a sixth) of the whole productive waterfowl nesting area in Canada and Alaska. Beyond the limits of these overlapping ranges there is no serious crow-waterfowl problem.

Waterfowl, in common with all other bird life, can ordinarily withstand what might be termed "natural losses" during the reproductive period. The fecundity of most species is sufficient to compensate for any ordinary drain.

The History-making Beaver

THOUSANDS of years before America was discovered, the largest living rodent of North America was practicing the art of flood control, creating and maintaining fine trout streams, preventing valuable soil from being swept into the sea, irrigating lands, and planting birches, willows, ashes, alders, and poplars along water courses to help keep the banks in their place.

Then the industrious conservationist was discovered by the white man, and his handsome fur coat spelled his doom.

Fishermen owe much to the beaver tribe. These busy workers have built large ponds, being strict vegetarians, without disturbing the fish, on streams where trout and other fish had no places deep enough to afford refuge.

Of course, in places the busy builders have caused some damage to property. They have been known to detour waters that were planned to run mills and power plants, or undermine dams that held back irrigation water. But, all in all, the beaver continues to be one of the most useful animals in the world. He is still an asset to the land, and is a kindly and friendly neighbor who asks of his friends only a space of forest cover.

If it is possible to find a pair of beavers in your community, get acquainted with them. They will meet you more than half way.

—National Nature News



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR NOVEMBER, 1937

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 875
Number of addresses made, 236
Number of persons in audiences, 41,831

Who Does God's Work

*"Who does God's work will get God's pay,
However long may seem the day,
However wearisome the way,
Though Evil Powers may thunder 'Nay!'
No human hand God's hand can stay!"*

*"Who does God's work will get His pay
Some certain hour, some certain day.
He does not pay as others pay
In gold or lands or raiment gay,
In goods that perish or decay.
But God's high wisdom knows a way.
And this is true, come what may.
Who does God's work will get God's pay!"*



PAVILION AND EXHIBITION OF THE INTERNATIONAL HUMANE BUREAU OF GENEVA AND THE ANIMAL DEFENCE SOCIETY OF LONDON AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1937

Those Fort Valley School Mules

THOSE who have so kindly and generously contributed toward the purchasing of a pair of good strong mules for the farm work at this school in Fort Valley, Georgia, will be glad to know that such a pair the school was able to purchase from a farmer who needed to sell them and was glad to let them go at a considerably lower price than they would have had to pay to a regular livestock dealer. The difference between what was contributed and the price of the mules was made up by the school. The old pair, worn and weary with long service, will now have a comfortable vacation the rest of their lives. We have received a very grateful letter telling of this and it is a pleasure to express to those who contributed the thanks of the school. The letter closes with the statement, "I promise that we shall try so to use these mules as to set an example for the owners of work animals in our community."

An Armistice but No Peace

We have just solemnized the 19th anniversary of the Armistice. Tragically enough that our world commemorates no anniversary of the peace; we have even forgotten its date. We can only remember the day when the millstone of a brutal war with its untold misery and suffering rolled away, and we called it an armistice—sardonically enough—forgetting for the moment, or perhaps because of the fact, that an armistice is defined in the dictionary as "a brief cessation of arms, by convention—a temporary suspension of hostilities by agreement."

Have you stood by the scene of the signing of the Armistice in the Compiegne forest? If you have, you will see inscribed upon the marble slab marking that scene which we commemorated last Thursday these significant words: "Here on the 11th

of November, 1918, the criminal arrogance of the German Empire succumbed, vanquished by the free peoples whom it tried to enslave." Those words are a proclamation of never-ending hate—words that mark "a brief cessation of hostilities," but which by implication swear an undying hatred. What a cruel revenge has been wrought upon those armistice words!

From an address by Rabbi Louis Wolsey, of Philadelphia, November 13, 1937.

Hard to Believe

We find in the *New Haven Register* of November 26, the following:

Vittorio Mussolini has written a book in which he declares "War is the quintessence of Beauty."

Listen as he describes bombardment of Ethiopian cavalry, a few days before Christmas of '35:

"We arrived upon them unobserved and immediately dropped our loads of explosives. I remember that one group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose as the bombs fell in their midst. It was exceptionally good fun, and they were easy to hit as we were not too high up. They offered a perfect target."

"This was swell and had a tragic but beautiful effect. Our best fun was trying to hit a large hut which stood in the middle of the town. I had to fly over it three times to make it. The third time I hit it and saw it begin to burn. Ethiopians leaped out and tried to escape. We started enough fire to heat half the globe."

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

American Fondouk, Fez



COPY OF THE CONTRACT FOR THE LAND RECENTLY PURCHASED FOR THE EXPANSION OF THE FONDOUK AT FEZ, MOROCCO. IT IS WRITTEN IN ARABIC

Report for October, 1937 — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	43.9	
Forage for same		\$ 85.77
Put to sleep	37	9.64
Transportation		6.27
Daily average dogs	10.6	
Forage for same		6.38
Wages, grooms, watchmen and stable-boys		52.37
Superintendent's salary		96.97
Veterinary's salary		17.46
Motor ambulance upkeep		12.10
Motor bicycle upkeep		4.80
Sundries		61.55

Actual operating expenses	\$353.31
Land purchase account	14.01

\$367.32

Entries: 13 horses, 10 mules, 82 donkeys.
Exits: 4 horses, 7 mules, 55 donkeys.

Outpatients treated: 105 horses, 68 mules, 93 donkeys, 7 cats, 14 dogs, 1 fox.
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all Native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 404 cases investigated, 9,333 animals seen, 1,448 animals treated, 84 animals transferred to Fondouk Americain, 14 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

ONE DAY'S WORK

THURSDAY 11th: 7.30 a.m. Fondouk. Usual work. 8.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. Souk el Khemis, Casbat ben Debbab inspection. Stayed 30 minutes at Bab Mah-reuk. 11 a.m. went to Taza road to put to sleep one mule fallen and in a very bad condition. 12 noon on request of Police of Bab Ftouh went there and hospitalized 2 donkeys. Spent afternoon at Fondouk and Sultan's garden. Transported one palm tree and planted it at the gate of ward for contagious cases. 4.30 a.m. to 5.30 a.m. visit of Mrs. Frances Hosali and Amy Beatrice Spencer, who inspected the Fondouk very minutely, of Marrakech (The Frances Hosali Trust—Relief-Work for Animals in North Africa.) Animals in Hospital: 44.

G. DELON, Superintendent.

Parent-Teacher Associations

The Knoxville News Sentinel tells the interesting story that in Tennessee, Morgan is the first county in that state, and it is said probably in the nation, which now has a Parent-Teacher Association in every school. The leaders responsible for this fine achievement are Superintendent of Schools L. R. Schubert, of Wartburg, and Mrs. J. D. Burton, of Oakdale. President of the Council of the Morgan County P. T. A. is Mrs. S. H. Jones, Sr., of Sunbright.

More About "Humanity Dick" Martin

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THE WISDOM OF RICHARD MARTIN" is the title of an article shortly to appear in the *International Journal of Animal Protection*, Edinburgh. Its author, Mr. Michael O'Connor of Galway City has contributed much information relating to the life and times of "Humanity Dick" Martin.

"It was Richard Martin," he states, "who, at the age of 15, was the means of stopping what was known to be the greatest cruelty in County Galway." He referred to the cruel practice indulged in by the wealthy nobles of challenging that their high-blooded stallions meet and fight to the death. It was after one of these barbaric events took place that the youthful Martin delivered his first speech for the Protection of Animals. He denounced in vigorous and convincing terms that fiendish "so-called sport" and called for a show of hands. The vote was in Martin's favor and from that time on, stallion fighting waned until it became a thing of the past.

"Humanity" Dick's wisdom (tact or shrewdness would apply as well) is verified in a threatened law-suit over a will.

A tin-smith, of which there were many in Connemara, whose wealth consisted in donkeys, left in his will his animals to his three sons. The eldest son was to get half of the herd, the second son one-third and the third son one-ninth. After this being explained to them, they proceeded to the nearby pasture and collected the donkeys which numbered seventeen in all. The first difficulty was the first brother's share, as a donkey cut in half was of no use to anyone. The second and third brothers' shares made matters ten times worse.

After long and heated arguments, the three tinkers agreed to put their case in the hands of Humanity Dick Martin for arbitration, and to abide by his decision. The following day they set out to Ballinahinch Castle and told their story to Mr. Martin. After hearing the story, Richard Martin remained for some time in silent contemplation. Then he said, "Far be it from me to criticize the dead, but, the fact is, it is impossible to divide the donkeys according to your father's instructions. I tell you what I will do. There is a fine donkey out on the lawn. I will give him to you, and with eighteen you will have no difficulty in carrying out your late father's wishes, and," added Mr. Martin, "Providence may send me back my donkey in due time." Arriving back at the encampment with Richard's animal, they divided the herd, the eldest brother taking half, the second brother one-third, and the youngest brother one-ninth. They were about to depart, and take various roads when the eldest brother exclaimed at the very top of his voice that some one of them had forgotten a donkey. There was Richard Martin's donkey standing on the hillside casting an eye first on his native home and then with loathing on the band of tinkers. They commenced to count again. "I have my two," said the youngest brother; "I have my six," said the second; "and I have my nine," said the eldest tinker. They agreed that that was exactly what was in the herd. Seventeen in all, that was the father's will, that

was the number in the herd which their father willed them. They counted and swore and went over their father's instructions again and again. Still none of them could rightly claim Mr. Martin's donkey. Once more they agreed to count and divide. In plain tinkers' language one-half of eighteen was nine, one-third of eighteen was six, one-ninth of eighteen was two. There was no doubt each had received his rightful share, and here was Richard Martin's donkey left over. A miracle, said one to the other. They there and then agreed to go back to Richard Martin with his donkey. "Well," he asked, when they arrived, his eyes twinkling with joy when he saw his donkey arrive back to him, "Did you divide the herd to the satisfaction of all three of you?" "Yes, your Honour," they replied, "we have all our just share, but your donkey is left over." "Oh," answered Martin, "let us thank God for settling our affairs and difficulties. I told you He would return me my donkey if such was His Will, and, as you see, He has, and without taking anything from you, which goes to prove that we should never hesitate to sacrifice something for our neighbors. I am glad to see my donkey back, 'The Morning Dawn' back to me, after being the means of settling your affairs without your losing anything by it. You now clearly see what a dumb animal can sometimes do. This donkey of mine has done for you what perhaps a good mathematician would fail to accomplish. "Now," said Mr. Martin, "I want you to be kind to these seventeen donkeys, never overload them, never drive them too fast when loaded, always examine them when you take off the harness, always give them a hot drink on a cold winter's night, see that their hooves are kept in good condition, do not work them when they are too old nor sell them. You may turn them in on my demesne when they are not able to work for you." The awe-stricken brothers gave this guarantee to the greatest humanitarian in the world at that time.

Again Mr. Peterson

The most of our readers will recall the many excellent bird articles that have appeared in *Our Dumb Animals* from time to time in previous years, written by Mr. Alvin M. Peterson of Wisconsin. We are sure that they will be happy to know that, beginning next month, a new series of bird stories from this writer's pen will be published in these columns. Mr. Peterson is one of the outstanding bird students in this country who has the faculty of recording his observations, always authentic, in a pleasing style. His articles usually appear in book form after they have been printed in the magazine. Be sure to read "February Glimpses of Birds" in next month's issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, the first of the new series. As usual, the articles will be illustrated by photographs taken by the author.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced by us.

An Owl That Hunts by Daylight

W. J. BANKS

THE snowy owl lives on the Arctic tundra throughout the summer months when there is no darkness, so he must perforce hunt by daylight. Nature has adapted his sharp eyes to this need, an unusual one in the world of owls. Thus he has no difficulty in spotting the Arctic hares, mice and lemmings which supply his staple articles of diet.

A few of these birds usually migrate as far south as the northern United States



SNOWY OWL IN NATIVE HAUNTS

each winter and their diurnal habits prove disconcerting to some furred and feathered residents. On one occasion a flock of crows were observed "mobbing" a snowy owl, believing him to be partially blinded by the sun, but several suffered from a sudden rush of silent wings and unerring claws.

Doubtless because most of his normal habitat is treeless, the white owl of the Arctic, even when woods are at hand, prefers to perch on the ground. But he usually chooses some low hillock where he can command a view of open spaces. In the polar prairies the nests are found on the ground on some such eminence, eight or ten white eggs, as large as a pullet's, being laid in a slight depression with little or no lining. The task of incubation is said to fall to the mother bird, but the male stands guard near by or seeks food for his cherished mate.

Warm white down covers the youngsters literally from head to foot. Likewise in the adults, closely set feathers grow to the very toes, even the bill being almost concealed. The male may be pure white or almost so, while the female, considerably larger than her spouse, is normally barred with slaty brown on a white background.

At irregular intervals of eight or ten years a mysterious disease carries off most of the Arctic hares. Men as well as four-

legged beasts of prey go hungry in these dreaded seasons, but the snowy owl spreads his powerful pinions and flies southward. During these special migrations companies of six or eight are often found in New England and even farther south. Individuals of this Eskimo race of owls have even been reported in tropical Bermuda and on ships a thousand miles from land.

The Original Broadcasters

M. H. MORGAN

THOUSANDS of years before the radio was invented, the Little People of woods and forests had their own methods of relaying news of their home towns, the approach of enemies, the call to food—all the messages necessary to pass from one group to another. The signals might be different, but they were never confused.

A wolf, scenting the kill, raised his pointed muzzle, and sent the blood call ululating through the forests; and other wolves, padding on questing, furred feet, miles away, picked up the cry, and themselves transmitted it further miles, until, individually and in groups, they gathered to the feast.

A sentinel beaver, becoming alarmed, slapped a warning with his broad tail, and other beavers, up and down the stream, slapped their own signals and disappeared.

A rabbit, sitting at attention in the grass, his long ears stretched upward like an aerial to catch the faintest sound, grounds his message with a loud thump. Immediately other thumps are beaten out by other rabbits all through the woods, and then comes silence; and the cruel hawk, flying among the trees on noiseless wings, wonders where all his breakfasts have gone.

The lion, gaping mouth to the ground, sounds his coughing roar over the veldt, and frightened creatures far away scuttle to safety, or are forced into betraying their presence through panic, and are captured by this wily announcer.

And the black man of the Bush, beating the equivalent of a Morse code on a hide-covered drum, has his message relayed a hundred miles, perhaps, within two or three hours; over and over throughout the entire night, if necessary, and by morning tribes are forgathering from all directions. It is as clear and emphatic as our S. O. S.

Our own Indians sent their messages by smoke signals. Building a fire on some high mountain peak, where it could be seen unbelievable distances, they produced their smoke, and by the skillful use of a blanket—cutting the blaze or smoke on and off—they "told the world" what they wanted it to know, and other Indians in far places learned perhaps that a wagon train was moving westward with valuable supplies.

The crow on a high limb, watching over his feeding flock; a lead gander spying out possible dangers far in advance of the flying wedge; some tiny sentry squatting in watchful dignity at the mouth of his burrow while the remaining citizens of Dogtown disport themselves; an old rooster among a flock of hens; the wild horse, trumpeting from some far-flung, rocky crag; the chattering squirrel and noisy blue jay—Nature's picket men—are the original announcers over a vast hook-up, whose stations encircle the globe.

Music Hath Charms

CONRAD O. PETERSON

A SMALL red squirrel, perched on the lower limb of a sugar maple, eyed me, chattering and scolding meanwhile. It seemed enraged that I, a low being, should intrude on its domain. Its body shook and quivered.

I thought I would see how close I could approach my savage little friend so, whistling softly, I edged closer. At the first low tones the chattering stopped abruptly and it seemed to listen carefully. Its body ceased quivering and it edged lower, its small bright eyes looking me over carefully. Continuing my whistling I, too, edged closer, until I stood directly under the limb. My little forest friend did not seem to be afraid of me, but it would not let me touch it. As soon as I moved my hand upward it scampered out of reach, but soon returned to its perch.

In the days that followed, I often visited the maple grove to whistle to "Reddy," as I called him. Although he wouldn't allow me to touch him, he seemed to watch for my coming.

Not long afterward, I met a wild rabbit eating his midday meal in the center of a little used road. Remembering my success with the squirrel, I began whistling to the rabbit. As before, I continued a slow approach, whistling a plaintive tone over and over, softly. The rabbit did not move, although the position of its ears showed that it was listening. I continued my approach until my feet were right beside the small gray body. Bending my knees carefully, I stretched out my hand and rubbed its glossy gray fur. It seemed impossible! Petting a wild rabbit! I had seen many wild rabbits, but they were so timid that they always fled at my approach. As I stood up again it scampered away slowly, seemingly reluctant to go. I noticed that it was a snowshoe rabbit, having long, heavily padded paws.

Petting a wild rabbit may seem commonplace, but to us who live where we see hundreds every day, it is really a unique experience.

My father, being an old woodsman, would not believe it, because he said it would be impossible to get that close to a wild rabbit, due to its timidity and fleetness of foot. But I believe that animals have a taste for music, and I intend to experiment further as I pass through the forest near my home.

It seems to me that if wild animals are soothed by musical tones, it would not be impossible to suppose that our farm birds and animals might also be interested. Wouldn't it be odd to hear a radio softly playing in the barn?

Wouldn't music also ease the torture endured by the animals of the zoo, who must live in quarters far from their natural environment? Animals cannot talk and so express themselves. Because of this, nature gave them a fine sense of hearing, and I believe that it is the unaccustomed city noises that drive them frantic. I feel sure that a little soothing music played at times might bring some amazing results.

Peepers are small frogs which live in or near swamps.

The Cow Bell

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*This was the first sound
The new calf heard,
Before the sound of wind,
Before the sound of bird.*

*This was a sweet sound—
Beneath his mother's throat,
The copper bell that rang
With a soft shaken note.*

*This was a kind sound,
The ringing of a bell;
The young calf learned
To know and love it well.*

*Across the grassy meadow,
Chiming high and clear,
The very best sound
Any calf could hear.*

*It told a calf of warmth
By his mother's side,
Of the sweetness of milk,
Of love, soft-eyed.*

Where Are the Birds Tonight?

DORIS M. BALTES

WHERE do the plucky winter birds that stay with us all through the snowy time find night shelter from storms? Birds' nests, it is to be remembered, are not homes for the birds, but merely cradles for their young. A walk through the woods in winter shows them to be utterly deserted. But on such a walk one may catch glimpses of the rather pitiful attempts of the winter birds to find shelter.

At evening the crows may be seen flying in flocks to the nearest pine forest to spend the night. No trees offer such shelter to the birds as do the evergreen conifers. They are a haven not only for the crows, but for goldfinches, sparrows, and any others on winter nights. Close in around the main trunks they huddle and the heavy, green branches ward off wind and snow. But even there in very cold weather the birds do not appear warm. Often they cling by one foot with the other lifted and tucked under a wing.

Hollow trees that are not already taken by squirrels are fine bird shelters, but since birds do not take up so permanent a winter residence as the squirrels, they are apt to find them all occupied.

Any tree that happens to be covered over with vines that will hold a snow canopy affords a shelter that the birds seek for, and in thickets and vine tangles all over the woods we may hear a fluttering that gives away the secret of bird shelters.

Snow buntings and juncos like to crawl by way of some natural hole into a snow bank for a night's sleep. Phoebe find niches in stone walls to tuck themselves into. Woodpeckers that go south for winter leave holes in the tree trunks that smaller birds—sparrows, waxwings, nuthatches and chickadees can creep into. Other woodpeckers stay north and make use of their own excavations at night.

Corn shocks and hay stacks standing in

open fields attract winter birds by their warmth and the waste grain that may be left in them.

Meadow larks sleep beneath tufts of snow-laden grass on the ground.

Quail coveys huddle under the snow, pressed close together for warmth, sleeping as the meadow quail always sleep with heads pointing outward, forming a circle. A crust of ice frozen over a field of snow may leave beneath it a circle of little dead quail that tells a tragic story.

Wild fowl take night refuge wherever there are low marshes, and have learned to settle close to the bordering sedges in winter where the water is less apt to freeze, but there tragedy may overtake them from some hunter's gun lying in wait behind the sedges.

But bird tragedies are frequent on winter nights from natural causes. Having no regular holes or lairs as almost all other animals have, they are very much at the mercy of winter. A man-made bird shelter with food supplied—how they welcome it! And there is no better way to become acquainted with the bird kingdom than to build a birdhouse in the back yard and watch for who may enter it on winter days, to say nothing of the satisfaction it gives to think of at least a few of our feathered friends finding refuge on cold nights in a shelter we have provided.

The Desert Runner

BURT HAUSE

THE ostrich is the largest of birds, the adult male being taller than the tallest man and weighing around three hundred pounds. His head resembles that of a camel, and his neck, which is almost featherless, is long and slender like a giraffe's. His wings are too small for flight but he uses them as a balance while running, and he more than makes up for this disadvantage in his capacity as the world's fastest sprinter. He's built for speed, too, even though he isn't streamlined. His legs are as stout as those of an average horse, and when going at full speed, he can out-run a horse in a fair race. Unlike the horse, however, the ostrich kicks forward, and one kick is powerful enough to kill a man. But a man is comparatively safe when lying down because the bird can't kick so effectively at a height of less than three feet. Also it can be held at bay by pressing a stick against its long neck. In spite of his high powered running gear, the ostrich isn't so hard to capture because he always runs in circles. A man on horseback can guess which way he'll circle and very easily cut him off.

The wild ostrich is found in the deserts of Africa in small flocks. Instead of building nests like other birds, they hollow out a depression in the sand to a depth of about one foot. About twenty eggs, one of which would make a meal for eight men, are deposited upright in the hole and covered lightly with sand. Usually a few extra ones are laid around the hole, so the natives say, to be used as food for the young when they appear. The hen sits at the nest by day and the cock by night, protecting the eggs until the sun hatches them.

These birds aren't troubled with indigestion, either, for they will eat most anything,



WILD GROUSE (SOUTHERN OREGON)

—coins, stones, key rings, nails, old shoes, wire and brickbats. And they swallow stones like we swallow pills, to aid digestion. Their principal food is wild melons and fruit. When tamed and domesticated, the ostrich is very useful to man. The male birds furnish beautiful plumes which bring a good price when sold for decorative purposes. The natives of Africa often use the birds for beasts of burden just as we do the horse, especially when they want to go places in a hurry.

Ostriches are friendly toward animals. Sometimes they accompany zebra or antelope herds across the plains, using their long necks like the submarine uses the periscope, to look for danger. The saying that they will bury their heads in the sand and think themselves safe from capture is to be disputed. What they really do is to stretch their heads flat upon the surface of the sand, possibly to avoid recognition.

The Redwing Blackbird

Among the species of blackbirds the red wing is the chief offender in the rice fields of certain sections of the South, according to the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Though among the birds protected under the Migratory Bird Treaty of 1918, crop owners are permitted by special legislation to shoot them when they are destroying any crop or appear about to. They can be killed only by a gun. The bodies of those killed cannot be shipped or offered for sale except that they may be transported to a place of burial or where the bodies are to be destroyed, and the gunner must report to the proper government authority the number killed by him. The great bulk of the damage done by these birds occurs in a limited area.

A press report states that the enormous number of 700,000 birds in the state of Missouri alone are killed by motor vehicles annually. It would be of great interest if the statistics could be verified, comments the *Pueblo Indicator*, and of more interest still to find ways and means to prevent the terrific slaughter of birds.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One thousand and seventy new Bands of Mercy were reported during November. Of these, there were 285 in Massachusetts, 257 in Illinois, 121 in North Carolina, 93 in Maine, 67 in Georgia, 65 in the Philippine Islands, 59 in Florida, 39 in Pennsylvania, 29 in Virginia, 17 in Newfoundland, 14 in South Carolina, 10 in Texas, five each in Maryland and Tennessee, two in New York, and one each in Indiana and Michigan.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 226,781.

Our Garden Pets

MARJORIE J. TERHUNE

SPIDERS are among the most interesting pets in our garden. Exceedingly shy creatures, fearing man more than they themselves should be feared, we see them sitting everywhere among our plants, close to their exquisite webs, patiently waiting and watching for their insect-food.

The intelligent knowledge which the female spider uses in constructing her webs can never be matched by man. She is said to be the finest spinner in the world. If people could overcome the prejudice they hold against spiders, and study them, if only for their economic value, I am sure they would find them worth conserving.

Aside from the wonderful reflections the dragon flies make in the mirror-like surface of our garden-pool, the beautiful insects are man's valuable friends, and, although these spear-like creatures with their transparent wings are born in the water, they live their lives in the air. When we see them darting about like a flash of light, we can be sure they are hunting noxious insects, which, if left unmolested would certainly injure us in some way. They can catch their insect food while they fly at the rate of forty miles an hour.

The dragon fly is one of the kings of the insect world and is often called "darning needle." Although they cannot sting they are at times misunderstood. They are fierce killers of mosquitoes and should be given every protection.

At the head of the insect family come the bees. The story of these wonderful creatures of the sunlight is like a fairy tale. So valuable are they, that without them our trees and plants would be unable to yield their harvest of flowers and fruit.

The common wasp, too, plays an important part in the economic role of nature. We know, of course, that he does not make honey, or carry pollen from blossom and flower to fertilize it, but, he does much good in killing insect pests. While the adult

wasps do live partly on nectar from flowers, the young are wholly carnivorous and must have insect food to live. Many people fear wasps because they sting, but wasps positively do not sting unless they believe they are being molested. Bees and wasps, like all other wild creatures have an uncanny faculty of sensing their friends or enemies. The writer has been successful in cultivating their confidence, and many times has had both bees and wasps in her hands, with no ill effects.

While giving credit to our garden pets for the good they do, we must not forget to include the humble earthworm, living entirely upon the earth in which they live, and bringing to the surface the earth which they have already eaten, channels are formed into the soil, and as the air naturally enters these channels, it gives the soil the necessary nitrogen needed to make it fruitful.

Probably the most delightful creatures in our garden, aside from our birds, are the butterflies. These gay idlers with their eclipsing colors have indeed an esthetic value. Living among our flowers from the butterfly's point of view may well mean a life of luxury and affluence, and as they float into the warm sunshine above our flowers their happiness rests on the knowledge that only their long tongue can share with that of the bees the brimming wells of nectar that certain flowers hold in their tiny florets.

The pleasure of having a garden is not only derived from the cultivation of the soil, the planting of seeds, and the raising of flowers, vegetables and fruit. The full pleasure and happiness comes about through the intimate knowledge of the beneficial living creatures that inhabit our garden, and help to make it possible. To derive this intimate knowledge we must form a sort of friendship and understanding with these creatures that only daily contact with them can bring.

On next Humane Sunday, April 24, 1938, at 3:30 P.M., Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, nationally known naturalist and author, will again present an illustrated lecture under the auspices of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square. "Friends I've Met in Fur and Feathers" will be the topic. This lecture will be given in the afternoon in order that children may attend. There will be colored slides and moving pictures.



BAND OF MERCY OF ROMBLON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, ROMBLON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Philippine Bands of Mercy

MANY new Bands of Mercy in the public schools of the Philippine Islands are being reported to the American Humane Education Society as the result of the interest taken by the Director of Education of the Islands, Mr. Luther B. Bewley. In September Director Bewley sent an official letter to all the Division Superintendents, stating that he believed that the promotion of character building and citizenship would be aided by the formation of Bands of Mercy in the schools. He added: "Superintendents, principals, supervisors, and teachers are requested to make special efforts to promote humane education, and to make the spirit of kindness function in the lives of the pupils. Undoubtedly, the organization of Bands of Mercy will prove helpful in this respect." With this letter was enclosed a special circular, telling how to form a Band of Mercy in the school and giving suggestions for its activities.

The reports received so far represent schools in many communities, and show that both teachers and pupils are taking a very active interest in the movement.

One of the Bands organized is that in the Romblon Elementary school, some of the members of which are shown in the picture above.

"Almost every class contributed two members at the start. They were singled out from the class because they showed kindness to animals. At the first meeting it was voted that each member invite and bring along with him one or two friends to become members, every time he comes to attend a regular meeting of the society."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

At the Flower Zoo

ALETHA M. BONNER

*I went to see the flower zoo,
And here met birds and beasts I knew:
I heard the PUSSY-willows purr,
And saw the CHICKweed and LARKspur;
The large HORSE-radish and COWslip,
The white-faced DOGwood and CATnip.
The TIGER lily, too, was here,
And whispered in the ELEPHANT'S ear;
The FOXglove chased the LEOPARD bane,
And OX-eyed daisies made a chain!*

Rescuing a Doe with a Broken Leg

C. B. DARNELL

ONE day last winter I was walking by a river bank when I heard the rushing of feet behind me and soon a tawny body went out over the river like a flash. In a few seconds the little body fell with a thud on the ice and I knew it must have broken a leg as it lay very still.

There came, at this moment, the bay of hounds. They were sure to get the crippled deer if I did not try to save it. Running across the ice, I found the front leg was broken. The little doe looked at me from pleading eyes that seemed almost human. The dogs were coming nearer. I lifted the quivering animal to my shoulders and hurried to the opposite side of the river where I could reach our camp quicker.

The doe was a heavy load but I got to camp safely. The cook wanted to claim her but I told the men she was to be my own pet. We bandaged the broken leg and fed her warm milk and gave her water. Then we put her in a warm place where she went to sleep at once. In three weeks I took her home to a little park where she runs to meet me and to get her food every evening. The leg is as good as ever.

The doe is a very light tan color and has the prettiest face for an animal that you ever saw. When I ring a tiny bell she comes running for her food and eats it from my hand.

Country Cousin to the Robin and the Bluebird

FERN BERRY

EVEN the city dweller knows the robin redbreast and nearly everybody knows the bluebird. However, these two well-known songbirds have a shy country cousin that few folks know well. Although a close relative of the two better known birds, the veery is essentially a bird of the woods. It is a member of the thrush family and it has a beautiful song. The veery is a most shy little bird with the spotted breast of the thrushes. It gets much of its food from the ground. It is very fond of beetles and snails. During the nesting season it stays closely in the deep shade of the woods. If you care to hear the beautiful song of the veery you must linger in the shaded aisles of the forest. Unlike the robin it never takes up residence in the city or the villages.

The Voice of the New Year

*I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
I asked and paused: he answered soft and low,
"God's will to know."*

*"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried;
The answer came, "Nay, but remember, too,
God's will to do."*

*Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?"
"Yes, this one thing all other things above,
God's will is love."*



Animals at Play

Verse and drawing by JANET TOOKE

*A sound of scarey laughter
While hidden foxes bark;
The hoot of owls a-howling
Out somewhere in the dark.
We know they're only playing
There's not a thing to fear—
The jovial sprite of darkness
Is always hovering near.*

PUZZLE: Find the owl and the fox, and the jovial sprite of night.

Medals for School Posters

ANOTHER original bronze medal has been designed, and more than 2,000 of them are now being manufactured by the Robbins Company of Attleboro, Mass., for distribution as prizes by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in its annual school poster contest, which closes April 1, 1938.

Medals with blue ribbons are offered as first prizes; those with red ribbons, as second prizes; and annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* for honorable mention. That these prizes are distributed liberally through all the competing schools is proved by the fact that last season, when 8,331 posters were entered by pupils representing 543 schools in 172 different cities and towns, there were 1,081 first awards, 1,263 second; and 1,535 honorable mentions.

1. The contest is open to pupils in grammar grades above the third and in junior high and high schools—both public and parochial—in Massachusetts only, and closes positively on April 1, 1938, results to be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 25-30. During that week many of the best of the posters will be on exhibition in the Fine Arts Department of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

2. No more than five posters may be submitted from any one room, and one only from each pupil, teachers to make the selection from all that are made under their direction.

3. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), silhouette, water-colors or charcoal may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

4. DRAWINGS, ON LIGHT CARD-BOARD OR HEAVY PAPER, MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 INCHES, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 INCHES and should be SHIPPED FLAT (*never rolled*), all charges prepaid, to reach the MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. not later than April 1, 1938. It will be to the advantage of contestants to send posters as much earlier than this as possible.

5. In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written *legibly* the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, also number of the grade, name and address of the school, and name of the teacher. Use white ink or paste a white slip with names and addresses when dark cardboard or paper is used.

6. All posters receiving awards become the property of the Society. Other posters will be returned *only* if request is made at time of sending and *return postage* enclosed, or arrangements made to call.

7. Address all posters plainly, Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Two Films Available

The American Humane Education Society offers "The Bell of Atri," in one reel, and "In Behalf of Animals," in two reels, for sale or rental, in both 16 and 35 mm. size. Rental prices, recently reduced, are within the reach of all. Address, Secretary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

How the Poster Contest Works

IN March, 1937, the thirty boys and girls of the fifth grade class of the Hardy School, Arlington, Mass., made posters on kindness to animals, under the direction of Alice W. King, teacher.

Three of these boys received prizes in April in the Be Kind to Animals Week poster contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Aram Conragen received the first prize for his poster of a black bear and two cubs at a roadside zoo with the words, "Vote to Help Us."

John Georgian received the second prize for his poster of a deer in the woods at sunset with the words, "Be Kind to Wild Life." Francis Byrne received Honorable Mention for his poster of his cat caught in a neighbor's trap with the words, "Traps Hurt Our Pets."

Duck Reasoning

C. A. SCHEINERT

WE often observe ducks marching single file. Never does one crowd ahead of another, never do they bunch. Is there any reason for this? Perhaps this little incident will inform us.

Five White Runner ducks had a narrow runway leading into their house. Each night they filed in, one by one. Their owner wondered if they always came in the same order, tagged them to find out, after observing one particular duck was always third. And for thirty consecutive nights of observation, they came up to the runway, entered the house, in exactly the same order.

"The casual observer will say 'instinct.' But why and what for? Isn't the word 'instinct' just a name to cover up human ignorance, lack of understanding?" their owner now says.

He believes, after such a test, that ducks can count, to a limited number, at least. How else would they select their positions in line? He also believes, after years of experience with wild waterfowl, that they are able to communicate with one another



THREE PUPILS OF HARDY SCHOOL, ARLINGTON, SHOWING FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES RECEIVED IN THE CONTEST

and intelligently plan their course of action. Other observers tell us that ducks appear to select their own leaders, and his aides, whom they follow loyally. The man quoted above also believes that ducks understand us, for he can call them and they come to him, put their necks into his hand—one by one—and again always in the same order, each awaiting his turn.

Our "dumb" friends understand us better than we do them.

Our Dumb Animals

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